

The Old P A C K.

With Additions.

I.

Come ye Old *English* Huntsmen that love Noble Sport,
Here's a Pack to be Sold, and Stanch Dogs of the Sort;
Not Sir *Semster*, nor *Chetwynd* can match our Fleet Hounds,
For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;
Some are Deep-mouth'd and Speedy, some Mad, Blind and

[Lame,
Some Yelpers, and Curs, but all fit for the Game.
*Then to Horse Loyal Hearts, lest the Roundheads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are Riding Tantiy.*

II.

There's Atheists and Deists, and Fawning Dissenter,
There's Republican Sly, and long-winded Canter;
There's Heresy, Schism, and Mild Moderation,
That's still in the Wrong for the Good of the Nation;
There's Baptist, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,
Till kind Toleration linkt 'em all in Church Couples.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

III.

Some were Bred in the Army, some dropt from the Fleet,
Under Bulks some were Litter'd, and some in the Street;
Some are good harmless Curs, without Teeth or Claws,
Some were Whelp'd in a Shop, and some Runners at Law;
Some were wretchd poor Curs, Mungrel Starvers and Setters,
Till dividing the Spoil, they put in with their Betters.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

IV.

A few, very few of the True *English* Breed,
Whose Noses were good, and of excellent Speed;
But what's a fine Mouth to oppose such Throats
Where Hunters and Noise quite drown the Sweet Notes;
If he hits of a Fault, or runs the Scent right,
Honest Tory is worry'd for a Rank Jacobite?
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

V.

Five Hundred Stout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,
But the Leaders in Chief are but old Forty One,
On Hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,
Then Trayle a Court Place, How the stanchest change Notes?
Tho' no Horn, nor Voice, can their Fury controul,
Yet to the White Staff, they Hunt all under Pole.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

VI.

Crys the Huntsman, *BEN. HOADLEY*, dear Whelps,
[I'm a Knave,
But you're all Sov'raign Curs, and your Prince is your Slave;
This my Writings will prove stol'n from *Prynn*, *Nye* and *Peters*,
That all Free-born Dogs may fall on their Betters;
Then away on the Scent, 'tis the Old Game and Good,
While Peers have fat Haunches, and Kings Royal Blood.
*Then to Horse Loyal Hearts, lest the Roundheads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are Riding Tantiy.*

VII.

A stout Orthodox Doctor fell first in the Wind,
The Pack open'd their Throats, in hopes Mobb wou'd ha'
[joyn'd;

By a strong Passive Scent, they run him full speed,
Till the Rabble cry'd out, you're Rank there, — *Take heed*;
What, o'er leap the Church Pales, and break Constitution?
Here the Devil's your Leader, and you Hunt for Confusion!
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

VIII.

At the Head of the Pack Stupid *William* Commanding,
Who's of Quality Bred, by his Deep Understanding,
If to dull worthless Whelps, we may Titles afford,
His Merits confess him a Dog of a Lord:
Those Crafty old Curs that despise the poor Tool,
Yet only for Luck-lake, they'll Hunt with a Fool.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

IX.

There's Wolf Rapacious, and Bluster and Thunder,
And Peter the Grim, and the late Speaker Blunder;
For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,
Tho' like Monkeys that climb, th' expose that Part bare;
And Jackall the Ill-lookt, who trains up new Comers,
And still lpeaks in Season, for his Wit comes from Somers:
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

X.

There's Blasphemy Jack, that was strip'd by Oak Royal,
The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly Loyal;
With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he cross'd,
Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had lost:
Now in hopes of a Place, he still Yelps and Impeaches,
Tho' your pert forward Cur oft himself over-reaches.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

IX.

There's Hackum and Brass for their deep Mouth's renown'd,
Because empty Sculls have a great strength of sound;
Send Hackum to Spain, what great Feats he'll atchieve,
And it's Conduct enough to make *Senates* believe;
And young Brass of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,
For he pays off a Cause as well as a Navy.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

XII.

How Honour and Honesty Dogs can unite,
For their Country's Sake, they'll Steal, Plunder and Bite;
Themselves and their Whelps they Enrich for their Good,
And make Monarch's great by shedding their Blood;
Yet so eager for Gain — the White Staff take away,
They Hunt dear *Volpone* for a Rank Beast of Prey.
*Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.*

XIII.

Then Tory, poor Tory, never hope to prevail,
You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail;
Go learn to Plead Conscience, when you Cheat, Lye, and
[Cant,
And Plunder the Publick, with the Looks of a Saint;
If you'd joyn the Old Set, with New Principles fit ye,
Stick at nothing that's Base, you'll be o'th' Committee.
*Then to Horse Loyal Hearts, lest the Roundheads deceive ye;
For they have the Dogs, and are Riding Tantiy.*

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